

Heartstrings by Myley

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Summary: The road to Will and Mike's serene happiness together wasn't always easy but it certainly was worth all the trouble in the end. BYLER

1. Mirth and Gold

Dear all, I've fallen in love with the Stranger Things characters and more precisely with Will and Mike. I don't why, but the Byler fandom is very, very small here , most fanfics being about Mileven (I HATE Mileven) so I decided to write a little something.

WARNING: this story depicts heavily graphic sexual content between two males and I mean it.

If that makes you uncomfortable, don't read it.

Also, the characters are obviously aged-up here, probably in their early twenties.

1999

Mike didn't know it was possible to love someone so much, his heart swollen enough to hurt, threatening to combust, his hands brushing the gentle curve of Will's bottom. The flesh quivered beneath his fingertips and he shuffled closer, patting it with a firm palm, feeling it hot and a bit damp underneath.

He looked up from the heart-shaped mount and let his eyes trail down the slope of Will's back and shoulders to the soft nest of auburn hair that rested on his head.

He parted the pale cheeks and stared at the tiny puckered opening that twitched eagerly, running a tentative finger on it, making Will moan from his pillow. The opening twitched again and Mike smiled. He leaned in and gave one quick lick with the tip of his tongue, straining his ears to hear a soft whimper.

"Mike... please..."

He knew how much Will liked this. He leaned against and lost himself in the feel of him, pushing his tongue all the way in, past the hard ring of muscles, grabbing the buttocks harder for support.

It wasn't possible to love that much, he was sure. He had never been told it was. His parents skipped that lesson.

Will was panting, his body moving with each thrust, arching his back to give Mike more access.

Mike pulled away a bit to let his finger brush against the quivering rim, watching it close and open eagerly, his heart in the back of his throat.

He leaned in again to tease it with his tongue, circling it inside, making Will moan and whine.

His finger slipped in easily, slowly. Only the first knuckle at first to give Will time to adjust to the small intrusion. He was slick with saliva and the finger sank in deeper gently into the moist warmth that led into Will.

It wasn't the first time Mike had touched Will like this but it never failed to overwhelm him. Will was so soft, so tight, so warm. It pulled on the strings of his heart.

"You ok?" he asked and he saw Will's head bob as a nod.

For several minutes, he watched his finger slip in and out of that delicious tunnel, the walls clenching as the muscles gradually loosened.

Mike swallowed, hypnotized. Fascinated.

He remembered the sensation of having Will do this to him too and his body quivered at the memory. Will's gentle touch. Will inside him. Will around him, beneath and above. Everywhere. With him.

He curled up his finger, searching for the sweet spot inside his love he knew was somewhere near, found it, poked it and Will mewed like a cat.

He smiled.

"Mike..."

Making Will satisfied and happy was more addictive than cocaine. It was Mike's life goal. The world could burn and all turn to ashes around them and Mike wouldn't care as long as Will was happy. Nothing else mattered really. Only Will.

He pulled his finger out completely, watched the orifice twitch at the loss of contact and smirked.

Will didn't find it funny.

"Mike!" he whined indignantly, wiggling his butt in the air.

Mike laughed softly, grabbing the bottle of lube. He gave a few more licks on the sensitive flesh, running his tongue on the spread rim right at the entrance, earning satisfied gasps. He opened the bottle and injected a generous amount of the cold liquid directly in, rubbing it gently. Will shivered and Mike kissed his left cheek, nuzzling the skin. He slipped two fingers in and began to work Will harder, twisting and scissoring, his heart hammering in his chest, his brain a melting mess.

This was his favorite part. Preparing Will. Taking care of him. Making sure their love making would bring only pleasure. It was so intense, so intimate.

Mike himself wasn't against a little pain and quite enjoyed being dominated when Will topped but Will didn't. Will hated pain and feared submission, even the slightest of it. He liked hugs, soft kisses and control and Mike, being the devoted boyfriend that he was, was all too happy to oblige.

He gasped, spreading him wide open with his hands, looking into the dark pulsing cave he'd soon be sheathed into.

His breath caught in his throat, his own body throbbing with need. His head spun and he wondered how much of his hand could actually fit in if he tried. The thought made him hot and dizzy and he slid his thumbs back inside, pushing against the walls, leaning in to taste him again, darting his tongue.

"Mike please, stop teasing," Will muffled.

Mike arched an eyebrow and trailed upwards, lips and tongue grazing the skin of his back on the way, kissing his shoulder and the shell of his ear.

"I'm not teasing," he whispered. "I'm exploring. You feel so good, so soft and warm," he kissed his temple and Will whimpered, swallowing, "I wish I could sink all of me into you and stay there forever."

Will giggled as Mike suckled on his neck, making the other boy shiver and take a sharp intake of air.

"You're 6 foot 3. You'd never fit!"

Mike smiled against his neck and poked his shoulder to get him on his back, admiring his beautiful face flushed by lust and pleasure, his full pink lips and shiny green eyes sparkling with mirth and gold.

"Imagine I could shrink to the size of your thumb like Thumbelina. I'd fit. All of me. All the way in the deepest of you. And I'd stay there forever," he kissed Will's cheek, inhaling deeply, "And I'd be home."

"And you'd die. You'd suffocate to death and I'd eventually push you out with my next meal!" Will smiled, grinding his leg against Mike's hardened member, poking his stomach.

Mike panted, "Why are you ruining my fantasies with such trivial things? I'm trying to be romantic here!"

Will smiled coyly, "Be romantic as much as you want baby. I just go for the more realistic approach. And the realistic approach is that I'd poop you out."

Mike huffed and rolled his eyes, "And now you're just being gross!"

Will bit his lower lip, "You love it when I'm gross!"

Mike smirked. Their faces were so close they were breathing the same air. He lost himself in those parted lips and fluttery eyes, reaching down between their bodies to brush his fingers against the soft hard flesh of Will's throbbing member.

Will gasped, closed his eyes and arched his back and Mike marveled.

"You have no idea how beautiful you are," he breathed passionately, wrapping his hand around him to stroke him and Will's head thrashed on the pillow, "If people could see you the way you look now, all flushed and horny, there'd be a cult about you. A whole new religion."

"Mike..."

Arousal blurred his vision and he felt suddenly drunk. Drunk on Will. High on Will.

"You're my undoing!" Mike almost snarled, his lips crashing against Will's who clung onto him, bucking his hips, hungry and thirsty and desperate.

He straightened up and took into the gorgeous body beneath him, the slender torso glistening with sweat, the long skilled fingers that'd made him swim among the stars so many times, the strong and slim legs, the beautiful shaft in its nest of hair, all hard and swollen and leaking.

He shivered and lifted one of Will's legs using his own upper body as support. Will was slick with lube and saliva and Mike plunged two fingers back in, watching them being absorbed into Will's supple heat.

"Mike..."

He tried a third finger. Will winced and trembled.

"It's ok love. I've got you," Mike whispered, sinking his fingers in and out gently, pouring more lube, his fingertips brushing against the soft flesh in the very depth of him, feeling it swell under his touch.

His eyes darted back to Will's quivering arousal and his mouth watered. He dived forward and engulfed him into his hungry mouth, moaning and humming, unable to resist.

Will wiggled on the mattress.

"Mike please. Please. I really need you now. Please. I don't wanna come without you in me."

He smirked, letting go of Will with a wet pop, "I am already in you," he teased.

Will was losing patience, "As much as I adore your fingers and your tongue, I need that big fat cock of yours in me. Now! You know, pushing into me deep and hard."

Mike swallowed, Will's dirty words pulling on the strings of his heart. He still remembered a time Will refused to bottom, hating the feeling of absolute vulnerability that ensued. Now he trusted Mike enough to let himself enjoy this kind of touch and Mike could never feel honored enough.

"Oh I love it when you talk sugar!" he swooned playfully.

Will growled and straightened up suddenly, flipping them over so brutally Mike barely had time to realize he was now on his back, Will straddling him, his hands on his shoulders, his eyes dark with lust.

His breath caught on his throat. There he was, his dominant little beast and Mike felt a new wave of arousal pour into him almost painfully.

The other boy didn't waste time and began to lower down on Mike's large shaft, his eyes fluttering, his lips parted to breath.

He hissed and Mike frowned.

"Take it slow babe, don't hurt yourself. Do you need more lube?"

Will shook his head, focused, his breathing deep and steady, sinking down Mike's lap.

"It's ok love," Mike soothed, running circles on Will's legs, "Breathe and relax. You're doing great."

Mike's eyes fluttered as he felt his own member being squeezed by the sweet warmth his fingers only left moments ago.

Will's butt eventually touched his thighs and Mike found himself sheathed up to the hilt inside Will. His heart swelled with a sudden burst of affection and he brought this hand up to cup Will's face.

The other boy looked up at him, his eyes heavy and body trembling.

"What?" he asked with a small smile.

Mike shook his head, "Nothing. You're gorgeous that's all."

Will smirked coyly and grabbed Mike's hand to kiss the inside of his palm tenderly. Mike took a deep intake of air, his lungs burning with too much love.

"You ok?" Mike inquired softly.

Will nodded, "It feels good," he said and Mike felt a wave of contentment. Will's pleasure was the most important.

He began to move up and down above Mike and for the longest of time Mike's heavy eyes remained locked on him, on his flushed face, disheveled hair, soft pants, on his swollen red member regularly poking him in the stomach.

Minutes or hours could have passed and Mike would only remember looking at Will through the fog of pleasure that clouded his vision.

He straightened up to sit and gather Will in his arms, helping the boy bob on his lap, their mouths locked in hungry kisses, Mike nibbling his neck, cupping his lower back slick with sweat, feeling the curve of his ass rocking against his palms, going back and forth, back and forth in a frantic dance of need.

Will's rhythm died out and he panted heavily against Mike's shoulder.

The other boy grabbed Will's hips and pushed upward, lowering his own body down until Will's shaft came in contact with his tongue. Will moaned and began to buck into Mike's mouth, Mike gripping his spread buttocks in full hands, his fingers brushing against the slick rim.

He licked and suckled a bit, savoring Will taste, deepthroating him.

"Please Mike," Will whined, "Please, come back inside."

Mike growled at those words and flipped Will underneath him, assaulting his lips as Will wrapped his legs around his waist as high as he could.

"Wait," Mike said breaking the kiss and reaching up for a pillow that he slid under Will's bottom to lift him up.

Will smiled against his lips and they resumed kissing, hot and messy, teeth clenching, tongues poking.

"Please Mike..." Will panted, eyes rolling in the back of his head.

"Please what?" he teased again and Will glared at him, wiggling his butt against Mild heavy shaft. Mike's smile widened, "You're too cute when you're horny you know that!"

"Mike!"

Mike grinned and pushed back into the soft warmth and Will moaned and writhed.

He began to move into him more frantically, careful to hit Will's spot with each thrust, marveling at the fact that he actually *was* inside Will and that it was beautiful and magical and he felt good and humble, cursing all the ignorant fools telling him he'd go to Hell for it.

If he could make love to Will every minute of everyday, he gathered Hell couldn't be that much of a bad place after all.

Will reached between their bodies to wrap one hand around himself.

"Please Mike... Harder..." Will whispered weakly, bangs of hair stuck on his damp forehead, his mouth breathing incoherent moans.

He was close, Mike could tell.

He changed of angle and Will gasped, "Like this?"

"Yeah..." Will breathed, his hand stroking himself faster and faster,

"Oh Mike..."

And Mike gasped, eyes locked on Will as his precious boy arched his back, his lips parted, his breath a ragged mess.

"Oh Mike... Oh..."

He came, his inner walls clenching painfully around Mike, hot seed spilled on his stomach, his face flushed and smiling in blissful abandon.

Mike sped up, eyes lost on Will's post orgasmic beauty. His head fell backwards, his eyes shut down and the boiling pressure in his belly exploded.

He remained frozen in himself for a few seconds, riding his orgasm off.

When he blinked his eyes open, Will was smiling at him, still dazed.

He slipped out of Will who winced, sore from their coupling. Mike knew how uncomfortable it felt when it was over and he took a few tissues from the nightstand to wipe him clean off bodily fluids, kissing the tip of his nose.

Will giggled, shaking his butt a bit to get to rid of the throbbing sensation and Mike gathered him in his arms lovingly.

"I love you Mike," Will said sleepily.

Mike swallowed and reached down to kiss him softly, "I love you too, bun. So much."

They kissed and rested against the other in silence, happy and content and Mike thought that even if his parents had told him it was possible to love someone that much, he wouldn't have believed them.

I hope you liked it.

There should be a second installment with Will's POV.

Don't hesitate to drop me a review ;)

2. Shooting Star

Second installment still from Mike's POV.

Hope you'll like it.

1998

Mike never thought he'd ever want that. He had been with girls and a few boys before but he always assumed the more dominant, masculine role. He never even really thought about it. It was just natural to him. He was a protector at heart, raised to be a conqueror and conquerors did not submit. They spread and conquered, proud and intact. He usually went with smaller, effeminate boys so the question barely came to mind. It came once, Mike refused. It sounded like an offense at the time. He had a fight with the boy and left, storming out.

Will was different from all the boys he'd been with. First, because he was Will, the one and only. Mike loved him, had loved him since before he could even understand what love was. It took him years to realize it. There was no such thing as *bisexual* in the world he came from. There was only *normal* and *fag* and Mike was neither. He had the biggest fight with his parents the first time they heard rumors of him with boys and Mike wanted to hide forever. He solely dated girls, having sex with a very selective number of guys that didn't mean anything to him, that he never wanted to see again, walking back home from a night of forbidden pleasure with a crumpling feeling of shame and stain in his heart. He usually tried to ignore it, smiling at the pretty girl battling his eyelashes at him. There was a fine line between fucking a boy and committing to one after all and Mike already lost too much to simple fumbblings. He couldn't afford loving one. That would be going too far.

Will was a very different story.

When people tried to crush him, using his homosexuality against him, Will made it a strength, rising from their hatred to shine brighter. From quiet and shy, he grew a self-assured and flamboyant young

man, painter and assistant of a renowned Art commissioner in New York. He was slowly making a name for himself and Mike was proud. He was so talented after all, it was only natural. And he was so beautiful too, a little bit shorter than Mike but lean and slender, with alabaster skin, elegant masculine features, auburn hair and sparkling green eyes. The kind of white light beauty that brought tears to the eye. Dazzling and passing like a shooting star, going from boys to boys, never noticing the hopeless looks Mike threw his way. Will couldn't see. Hidden in the shadows, Mike was just a grain of dust amidst the flocks of men that floated around him.

He traveled a lot and sometimes Mike wouldn't hear from him in weeks. He missed him, always partly afraid of having the boy stolen away from him again, even after all those years. It was like watching an eclipse and losing your sight from it, haunted by the echoing sound of Will's sobs and screams.

They were 27 the first time, in a hotel room in Amsterdam, on a road trip with the party after months of being regularly parted and Mike never wanted to let go of those lips, sucking on Will's tongue, digging his nails in the boy's shoulders, ensuring that he was really here with him.

Will could have had the choice. Mike had noticed at least three men who wanted a shot with him that night but Will had chosen him, closing his hand on his, his beautiful green eyes ensnaring him like a snake ready to devour its prey and Mike had wanted to be Will's prey longer than he could remember. He knew the moment would pass, knew Will would mostly discard him once he had what he wanted but he didn't care. He would keep him with him for as long as he could.

Their hands traveled on the other's shirt feverishly, desperate to feel and touch bare skin. Mike was trembling all over. Years of pining after that boy and he finally had him in his arms, his impossible warmth soaking through his clothes, scorching him, blinding him and it felt like embracing the sun.

He struggled to remove Will's shirt and moaned when his hand landed on soft skin, his fingers shaking. He let his mouth trail on Will's neck, biting it gently, then on his shoulder and collarbone,

darting his tongue to taste him, starving for him.

"Mike..."

Mike's heart missed a beat. He bucked his pelvis forward, feeling the boy equally hard and it brought a shiver down his spine. His body was aching with a need he couldn't quite identify as they fell on the bed in a tangled mess of limbs, Mike devouring Will's neck, fumbling with the belt of his jeans, desperate to feel more of him. He straightening up to pull the jeans off, leaving the other boy in underwears deformed by a prominent bulge. Mike's mouth went dry. His eyes darted upward to the bare body beneath him, taking it in.

"God, you're so beautiful," he whispered in awe.

He had already seen Will's body before but it didn't look like a body this time. It looked like an altar and Mike felt faint and humbled, not truly believing he had the favors of such a magnificent creature.

"Can I touch you?" he breathed.

Will nodded, his pale cheeks flushed with heat, eyes dark with lust. He was lovely. Mike swallowed, his own eyes wide with trepidation. He brought a trembling hand down to palm him gently, feeling him warm and hard, his heart hammering madly in his chest. Will's eyes fluttered and Mike pulled off the briefs, baring him completely.

Will blinked, gulping nervously, nibbling at his bottom lip. Mike smiled.

"Will Byers, the man all the conquests praise the skills and eloquence is shy! Who would have thought!" he joked, genuinely surprised.

Will's blush deepened, "I'm not... It's just... I don't want to spook you."

Mike frowned, "Why would you spook me?"

"I'm not exactly a girl..."

Mike smirked, glancing at Will's proud erection, stroking it lightly, teasingly.

"Yeah, I figured as much," Will bit his lip, "I don't like just girls you know. I like both."

"Yeah, theoretically."

"No! Not theoretically. I've already been with a boy and not just once," Mike said, "But none were nearly as pretty as you," Will blushed and Mike smiled, "You're gorgeous. I want all of you. So much."

He leaned in to kiss Will's lips softly, his hand touching his chest, traveling from his stomach to the hard length between his legs, red, warm and swollen and Mike licked his lip eagerly.

"I want to taste you. Is that ok?"

Will nodded faintly, biting his lip. Mike dived forward, kissing the wet head softly, enjoying the salty taste, dizzy with arousal.

"You smell so good," he hummed lapping at the soft skin, "You taste so good. You're perfect."

Above him, Will's breathing was deep and heavy and Mike plunged down, taking the hard piece of flesh in his mouth, fitting as much of it down his throat as he could.

"MIKE!" Will cried out, bucking his hip upwards violently.

Mike bobbed his head up and down, swirling his tongue from the base to the head, digging the tip in the slit gently.

"Oh my God! You're so *good* at this!"

Mike didn't know why but those words brought a burst of pure happiness that vibrated all through his body. He was giving Will pleasure and that was the only thing that mattered. He looked up. Will was a mess on the pillows, thrashing his head, licking and biting his lip, eyes shut tight. He was beautiful. Mike loved him so much, his heart hurt. He went back at work, savoring Will against his tongue, never wanting to let go.

Will suddenly straightened up and grabbed him.

"I'm gonna come if you keep this going," he explained, short of breath, "And I don't wanna come like that."

"How do you wanna come?" Mike asked with a smirk, licking his lips.

There was a pause. Will blinked and swallowed, a veil passing through this eyes and he looked lost in thoughts. The moment only lasted a second. He pulled Mike toward him and kissed him urgently. Mike straddled him, bucking his hips, his own erection aching with the need of being touched. Will removed Mike's shirt, his hands on his bare shoulders slipping down the slope of his back. He gripped his ass firmly, pushing Mike onto him. Mike shivered all over, losing his sanity to Will's mouth and hands, his own hands embracing the slender body tightly, desperate to keep him against him for fear he might slip away.

"Will..."

Mike's brain was drowning in an ocean of want, his body throbbing and pulsing from the inside, pulling and tugging. He needed to be closer. It was unlike anything he had ever felt, this intense and agonizing *need* to feel the other, to be closer, to absorb. It was so powerful, so raw, it brought tears to his eyes.

"Mike I..." Will swallowed, shaking a little.

"I want to feel you inside me," Mike blurted out and the words left his mouth before he had even time to process them.

They both froze.

This was what he needed. Will in him. Buried in the deepest of him. Moving in the deepest of him. He swallowed and shuddered, eyes wide with shock. He was burning for it.

"You... You want me to..." Will paused, searching for his words, "I didn't take you for the guy who..."

"I'm not," Mike cut off sharply, his father screaming in his head that he was a man and had to behave as such. He looked up to see Will staring at him, "I have never wanted that before. Ever. I never had anyone do that to me."

"So why me?" Will started, confused.

"Because it's you. I want this with you. I want to feel you like I've never felt anyone before," and the explanation was simple, obvious, natural. Like breathing.

Will blinked, his eyes shining with a thousand emotions, "Mike..." it sounded like a prayer. He kissed him softly, "If you don't like it, we stop. I want this to be pleasant for you."

Mike nodded and let Will switch them over, Mike's back landing on the soft mattress, Will's lips on his, his hands in his hair. He felt like he was going to lose his virginity again and in a way, he was. To Will, like he should have from the very beginning. The storming heat had been replaced by solemn silence. Will's chest rose up and down heavily against him. He bit his lip nervously, his hands on his lap.

"I feel like I'm fifteen again," he joked awkwardly and Mike chuckled along.

"Kiss me," Mike breathed and Will obliged, kissing him sweetly at first, lips against lips, hands touching neck and cheeks.

The kiss turned more passionate, Mike opening his mouth to let Will in, his body trembling with renewed arousal, his hands circling Will's waist, grinding his pelvis so that their shafts pressed together.

Will zoomed downwards, plunging to take him in his mouth before Mike had even time to think and his brain shut down. He lost himself in raw pleasure, bucking into Will's hot mouth, his hands flying to the soft auburn hair. The waves of pleasure rolled through him for a moment that could have lasted a few minutes or a century. He was gone from the world around. Hands spread him open and something poked the only part of him no one had ever touched before. It was light and teasing like a polite knock, asking for permission to get in. Mike's breathing intensified, his hands tightening his grip on Will's hair. It poked again, running gentle circles at the orifice entrance, making it twitch, Will's mouth never leaving him, never stopped suckling and lapping. Mike breathed loudly. *This* was exactly what he needed and his body sang in contentment. His breath was ragged, his lungs burnt. He needed more. He brought his hips down, desperate

for a deeper touch, moaning deliriously. Will got the message and his finger breached in.

Mike gasped, welcoming the small intrusion, welcoming the strange pain.

His chest rose up and down laboriously. Sweat dampened his forehead. The finger began to move slowly, curling up within him, pressed into him, pushing and Mike cried out, levitating from the bed, his eyes wide open, his lips parted, gasping for air. A second finger came to aid the first one, opening him up patiently. He grunted, tears gathering at the corner of his eyes. He didn't even know if it hurt. His brain wasn't capable of differentiating pain from pleasure anymore.

"Will, please," he cried, his throat dry with a thirst he couldn't quench, "Please."

Will traveled up to kiss him and Mike cradled him, pushing his tongue inside Will's mouth, fucking himself on his fingers. Without Will's mouth on him, there wasn't anything left to distract him from the raw sensation of having Will's fingers moving in him. It felt like being skinned from the inside.

"I need you..." he repeated feverishly.

"I'm here," Will said.

"Not enough... I'm gonna burst," he was almost crying.

"God Mike, you're so wet," Will breathed, "I barely need to use lube!"

Will slipped his fingers out and Mike grabbed Will harder, pushing him into the space between his spread legs.

"Fuck me, Will. Please."

He heard the sound of a condom being ripped open and his breath caught in his throat. Will kissed his lips, pressing their foreheads together, wrapping Mike's legs around him to reach in between. He gave Mike the softest smile he had ever seen on his beautiful face and pushed in, past the hard ring of muscles. Mike's eyes rolled in the

back of his head, a strangled scream escaped his throat. This was everything he wanted, everything he needed, everything he would ever need again. Will began to move immediately and Mike grunted helplessly. It was *overwhelming*.

Will framed his face, kissed his nose, moved deeper.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"You..." Mike gasped, lost in a world that was only Will, "I'm feeling *you*."

Will was here. He wasn't lost in the Upside Down or to the Mind Flayer. He wasn't being possessed or hurt or endangered. He was safe and real and as long as he stayed buried in the deepest of him, Mike knew nothing bad could happen. He could shelter him, protect him more effectively than he ever had. He reached between their bodies to grab himself, stroking his hard length in rhythm with Will's frantic thrusts.

"Yes, harder..." he thrashed his head backwards, taken away by waves of a pleasure so consuming he thought he would die.

It boiled up and up and up, Will pushing hard and deep in his belly, borderline on painful and Mike snarled, his hand gripping Will's firm buttocks again.

"Will... I..."

His lips parted, air left his lungs, his limbs trembled, his heart quickened, his brain vibrated and the pressure burst, primitive and brutal. It felt like his whole body had shattered into space and he was flying and drowning at the same time.

Will's hands touched his cheek, "Are you ok pretty boy?"

He blinked his eyes open on Will and it was the prettiest sight to wake up to.

"Did I hurt you?"

"No. It was... amazing. I didn't even know something could feel that

good."

Will blushed and bit his lip.

"Was it ok for you too?"

"You're kidding? I've just made love to the man of my dreams. I'm in Heaven."

Mike's heart missed a beat at those words. Will left his body and Mike winced. It felt better when he was still inside. Will came to cuddle against him, kissing his cheek and Mike nuzzled him. His brain was slowly recovering from the overdose of endorphins and his father's voice suddenly emerged from the depth of his mind, dripping with disgust at the vision of his son having his ass fucked by another boy and *enjoying* it like a fag. A failure of a man.

"Are you ok?" Will asked softly.

"Am I still me?" Mike answered, staring blankly before him.

"Why wouldn't you be you?"

Mike didn't reply and Will sighed.

"Do you regret?"

"No."

"You're still Mike. Nothing will ever change that," Will was silent for a little while, "Don't listen to your dad. If I had listened to mine, I wouldn't have turned so awesome."

Mike chuckled. Their fingers intertwined.

"Who was your first?" Mike suddenly asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I don't know. It's just that you never told me. I don't even know what age you were. I know nothing actually."

Will chuckled, "What do you want to know?"

"Did you know him?"

Will rolled his eyes, "Yes. I know that I can be fickle but come on, I have my limits."

"Did I know him?"

"Yes."

Mike frowned, "I knew him?"

Will turned to face him, "Yes."

"Was he a friend?"

"No."

"Was he foe?"

"Neither."

There was a pause.

"Who was it?"

Another pause.

"It was Troy."

There was the longest of pauses after that. Mike's brain buzzed. He blinked.

"Troy? Troy Harrington? Troy the bully?"

Will nodded, "He was my first boyfriend. Or what could actually be considered the closest to a boyfriend back in the day. I was sixteen at the time. He was seventeen. We were kind of together for a few months before..." he trailed off.

Mike couldn't say anything. This was a bomb. *Troy* had been Will's first boyfriend. *Troy* had taken Will's virginity. *Troy. Troy.* And then he remembered. Will's shiny eyes the day Troy's body was found. His silence. James' accusations. It all made sense now.

"Did you love him?"

"I don't know. I never found a real answer to that question. Ten years later, I'm still searching."

"How did that happen? How did he go from bully to... *boyfriend*."

"Fuckfriend would be a better term to describe the relationship we had. And honestly, I don't know. It just... happened."

"But he treated you like dirt till the very end. I remember."

"I know."

"And you still let him fuck you?"

Will shrugged, "I let him do a lot of stuff."

"Why?"

"We were like that."

Long minutes passed and Mike tried not to think too much about all that just happened. He still felt a bit dazed. Beside him, Will lit a cigarette and the smoke danced in front of them in silence.

"I'm the man of your dreams?" Mike suddenly said, turning to look at Will's angular profile.

"You didn't know?"

Third chapter underway.

Don't hesitate to let me know what you thought of it.